

THE GRAND CAÑON OF



THE YELLOWSTONE



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THE NEW GRAND CAÑON HOTEL



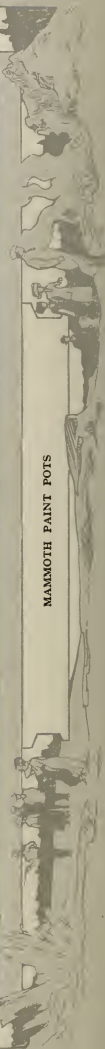
THE GRAND CAÑON OF THE YELLOWSTONE

Issued by Passenger Department
UNION PACIFIC
RAILROAD CO.

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MAMMOTH PAINT POTS



THE GRAND CAÑON OF THE YELLOWSTONE



JUST after John L. Stoddard, the distinguished traveler and lecturer, visited the Yellowstone National Park in 1896, he wrote these words:

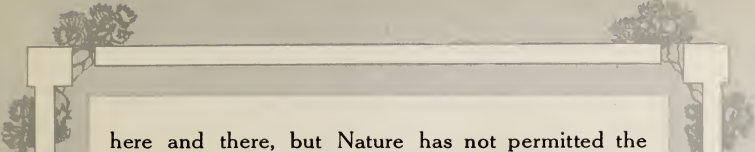
"Two visions of this world stand out within my memory which, though entirely different, I can place side by side in equal rank. They are the Himalayas of India and the Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone. On neither of them is there any sign of human life. No voice disturbs their solemn stillness. The only voice within this cañon is the roar of its magnificent cascade. It is well that man must halt upon the borders of this awful chasm. It is no place for man. The infinite allows him to stand trembling on the brink, look down, and listen spellbound to the anthem of its mighty cataract, but beyond this he may not, cannot go. It is as if Almighty God had kept for his own use one part of His Creation, that man might merely gaze upon it, worship, and retire."

The hand of man has worked no changes upon the Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone since Stoddard penned these words. The foot of man has left no imprint along the banks of the boisterous stream which, like a green thread, traces the bottom of the gorge. A few venturesome ones have climbed down,



OFFICE, GRAND CANYON HOTEL





here and there, but Nature has not permitted the beating of a path in that abyss, and never will. Her barriers are set against human effort. The visitors of this year, and the next, and the ages to come, can only stand trembling on the brink, trying to gain an appreciation of a picture that, in the estimation of all travelers who have beheld it, surpasses the other wonders of the earth.



The Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone has lost no shade of its marvelous colorings since the Washburn expedition, in 1870, first made known to the world the wonders of the Yellowstone. When Thomas Moran first exhibited his reproduction of the Grand Cañon, embodying the impressions gained from that place of vantage which has since been known to tourists as Artist Point, there were those who said his colorings were exaggerated; that Nature had never employed such vivid pigments in painting a landscape.

But the colorings of the Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone cannot be overdrawn. They constitute one of its marvels, along with its vastness, and its silence, and its foaming cataract, and its winding stream. The rugged cliffs and precipitous walls of that crevasse show all the tints of red and yellow, of brown and pink and green. Every dye known to the painter's brush save blue has been employed in the tinted gorge of the Yellowstone, and a generous blue is supplied by the turquoise sky.

The glories of the Great Falls and the Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone burst upon the gaze of the traveler as the climax to a stage journey that encircles



DINING ROOM, GRAND CAÑON HOTEL



the park, embracing the greater wonders of our Government's vast reserve.

Arriving at Yellowstone, Mont., the park terminus of the Oregon Short Line Railway, at 6.45 o'clock in the morning, the traveler is given nearly two hours in which to enjoy a trout breakfast, attend to the repacking and checking of baggage, and perform other tasks preliminary to the days and nights that are to be spent in the park.

The scene presented at Yellowstone thus early in the day is one of animation and interest. The early meal is a feast. Following it is a busy hour, at the end of which it is announced that "the coaches are coming."

These strong, comfortable, red-painted vehicles of the Monida & Yellowstone Transportation Company come under the porte cochere one by one, to receive their complements of passengers and hand luggage. Some are bundled into the huge eleven-passenger Concord coaches, drawn by six spirited, park-trained horses. There are smaller coaches to accommodate different numbers, and there are surreys for three passengers and some for five. A special coach or surrey, with the same driver for the entire journey, may be engaged for a party of any number up to eleven, and the transportation comforts provided by this company constitute, in reality, one of the very delightful features of the park trip.

In the course of half an hour the train-load of passengers have been transferred to the horse-drawn conveyances, and the long line is swinging into the park.



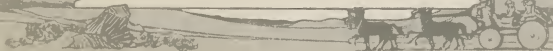
"OLD FAITHFUL" GEYSER

The road follows the Firehole River and the coaches sweep past Firehole Falls—a cataract of great beauty, tumbling over granite rocks that have been worn smooth by the waters of years.

The charms of this Firehole country are satisfying the soul of every passenger when the driver sights the Lower Geyser Basin, and from that moment each eye is strained to catch a first glimpse of one of these strange phenomena. The coach leaves the pine-clad hills that border the Firehole, swings across Nez Perce Creek and over an open, level roadway to the Fountain Hotel, where the first stop is made.

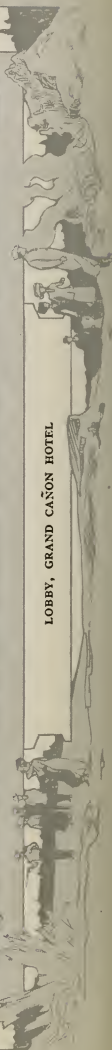
It is near the hour of noon, and the first thought of the travelers is to obtain lunch tickets and satisfy a hunger which the invigorating morning ride has created.

After the meal everyone is free to use an hour or more in examining the freaks of the basin, which include the Fountain Geyser, from which there issues constantly a stately column of steam and, periodically, a pillar of scalding water; the Mammoth Paint Pots, whose amusing sputterings remind one of a giant vessel filled with boiling mush—the parallel being lost, however, owing to the fact that half of this composition which spits and spews the year around, year after year, is a delicate pink, while the other half is pure white. These paint pots constitute the only comedy element found in the Park. They are really "funny." They force the belief that, in the midst of yawning chasms, and dashing cascades, and hills thickly splashed with green cedars, and mountains ever chilled with snow, and the eruptions of a thousand geysers, and the





LOBBY, GRAND CAÑON HOTEL



matchless colorings of a thousand pools, Dame Nature can be playful if she wills.

The afternoon drive is not half over when the silent crater of Excelsior Geyser and the basin known as Hell's Half Acre are reached. Here are terrace formations of many colors. From a dozen hot pools and springs water of high temperature pours into the Firehole River, the result being that, even in the midst of winter, this stream is too warm to freeze.

The beauties of Hell's Half Acre are not in keeping with the harshness of its name. The shaded tints of its lakes and pools should give it free title to a name more pleasing.

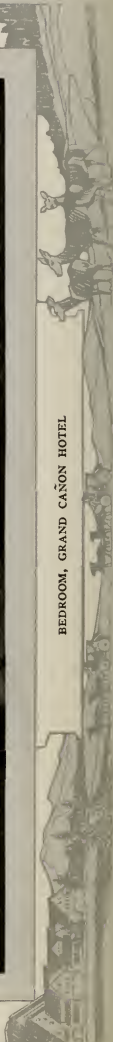


A SHORT drive from Hell's Half Acre carries the traveler past many small springs of gorgeous colorings, with blues and greens predominating. The coach passes close to the brink of Morning Glory Pool, which looks like a huge flower of that name. Scattered throughout the park there are scores and hundreds of these pools and springs whose tints are just as perfect and as wonderful as the colorings of flowers.

Away off ahead, an immense shaft of white darts toward the blue. The green pines afford a proper background for its spectacular performance. Up and up it shoots, water and steam, to a height of nearly 150 feet, spray and steam making a boiling white cloud that might be the foam on a glass of soda mixed for Jove



BEDROOM, GRAND CAÑON HOTEL



Old Faithful Geyser—the spouter that is "always on the job;" the one that operates almost with the regularity of the clock; the one stupendous volcanic specialist that never misses an engagement or disappoints the crowd—Old Faithful is in action.

Sixty-five minutes ago Old Faithful did as he is doing now. Sixty-five minutes hence, and again, and again, Old Faithful will entertain those awe-stricken humans who are permitted to see and know so nondescript a place.

But Old Faithful is still a considerable distance off. The coach has just entered the Upper Geyser Basin, and before pulling under the porte cochere of the famous inn, the traveler is to be shown the pools, springs and geysers of the Black Sand Basin.

The horses know that a night's rest and a liberal evening meal are at hand, and the coach makes swift time over the smooth, hard road. The unique construction of the noted inn becomes distinct. Its huge logs, its many gables, its chalet-like design, its generous verandas, swings and chairs welcome the traveler to a hostelry that has no counterpart.

Old Faithful Inn must stand out prominently in the memory of every person who visits Yellowstone Park. The perfection of its cuisine, the clean comfort of its rustic rooms, the unusualness of its architecture, are features that amaze him who pauses to reflect that this place of logs, where hospitality and service are dealt out unstintedly, is many miles from a railway and that all these comforts and luxuries had to be freighted over long reaches of the Government's highways.



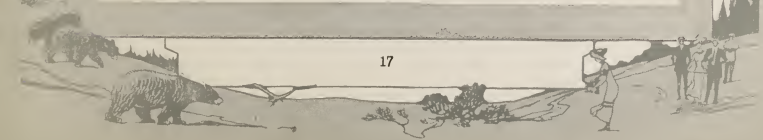
EXCELSIOR GEYSER

Old Faithful Geyser is spouting again as the coaches are loaded for the second day's ride. The coolness of the morning air increases the volume of steam and adds an enormous white veil to the pillar of water and vaporous clouds. The coaches pass near as it roars a farewell, and the travelers are soon penetrating a deep cañon threaded by an excellent road that follows and crosses the Firehole River for a distance of some three miles.

The Kepler Cascades, with a drop of eighty feet, shout a greeting and dash on toward the points of beauty that the tourist has left behind. From its union with the Firehole, Spring Creek, a typical laughing mountain brook, is followed right up to the Continental Divide, and the coaches cross it at one point where its merry waters are actually divided, some to go toward the Pacific, the others toward the Atlantic. A second time the Great Continental Divide is crossed during this single morning's ride, and soon there is a charming vista whose farthest boundary is a sheet of emerald—the West Thumb of Lake Yellowstone.

The lunch station at West Thumb marks the finish of the morning journey, and after the noonday meal the traveler is free, for nearly two hours, to enjoy the delights of this place and feast his eyes upon one of the most magnificent land-and-water pictures that the Great Artist has portrayed.

The afternoon of the second day gives the traveler numerous vistas of mountains and lake as the coach follows the westward line of the Thumb. These are





KEPLER CASCADES

pictures to delight an artist's soul; to compel appreciation even from him whose perception of beauty is not keen.

This afternoon's journey, for much of the distance within sight of and high above the lake shore, for the rest of it over a smooth, winding road, through virgin forests with all their secrets and strange signs, is instructive and restful. It is a tortuous but easy way up Corkscrew Hill, and an occasional glance over the right shoulder gives superb views of the Absaroka range and the stately peaks of the Tetons. So magnificent and varied are these vistas that there is a feeling of regret when, with the main body of the lake near by, on the right-hand side, the first glimpse of the second night's haven, the huge and home-like Lake Hotel, is caught from a not far distant hill.

Refreshed by a sumptuous dinner, a good night's sleep and a breakfast that satisfies, the traveler climbs into his coach on the morning of the third day for the three-hour ride to the Grand Cañon.

Along the way there is a stop for an inspection of Mud Geyser, a black, gruesome crater that always roars and steams and vomits thick, slimy masses of hot mud. It is in strange contrast to the beauties that surround it and is but an added reminder that this Wonderland is at intervals a Hades.

Another short drive, through a succession of mountains covered with pine, cedar and spruce, brings the traveler within view of a mighty panorama—the Hayden Valley—abode of herds of elk and deer, a wide carpet of rich green grasses, with the Antelope,





ELECTRIC KITCHEN, GRAND CAÑON HOTEL

Alum, Sour and Trout creeks winding through like curls of beryl and silver.

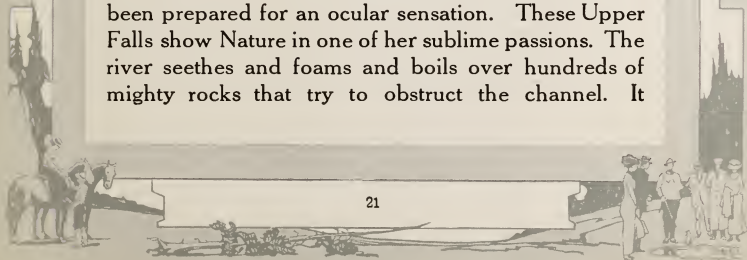
On the right flows the placid Yellowstone. But its placidity is to be of brief duration, for it approaches the rapids that lead to the Upper Falls and will soon be crashing through an ever-deepening cañon toward the frightful plunge that marks the Lower or Great Falls of this picturesque stream.

Over the vast Hayden Valley is spread a mantle of peace. There is the cloudless sky, and the soft green underneath. There are the calm creeks trickling into the river. Pelicans plume themselves in the marshes, stray gulls from the lake soar high, and an occasional eagle executes its splendid spirals. It is a quiet, poetic world.



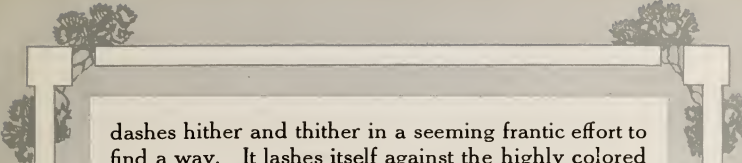
FROM this scene the coach dashes suddenly into another stretch of timber, closer to the river bank and along a road of many twists and turns. The stream is more boisterous, and the ear catches the distant roar of the Upper Falls. There are many fleeting glimpses of the rapids as the coach approaches that wonder of wonders, the Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone.

A halt is made so that the travelers may descend a long flight of steps and stand at the brink of the Upper Falls. Here is a view that satisfies those who have been prepared for an ocular sensation. These Upper Falls show Nature in one of her sublime passions. The river seethes and foams and boils over hundreds of mighty rocks that try to obstruct the channel. It



HOT SPRING CONE





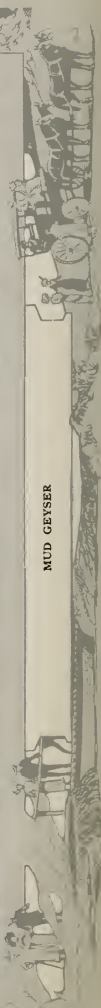
dashes hither and thither in a seeming frantic effort to find a way. It lashes itself against the highly colored granite sides of the gorge and rages like a mad creature under leash. Helpless in its endeavors to break its bonds, the river dashes onward under the force of the channel's sharp decline. Buffeting the countless boulders on every side, the green water is worked into a white spray that seems to be at the highest pitch of anger when the brink of the falls is reached. There its helplessness is proved. It takes the plunge with a protesting growl, and 112 feet below the brink there is a whirling mass of white and green.

The sight-seer is satisfied. Here, surely, is the crowning effort of Nature to be magnificently terrible. Back to his coach the traveler goes, determined to walk from the hotel to the brink of these falls for a longer appreciation of their splendor.

Each foot of the ride from this point to the Grand Cañon Hotel, which sits upon an eminence half a mile away, is more and more beautiful. The forests, the winding road, the constant growl of the broken stream, the realization that near by, but still unseen, is the overwhelming picture of the cañon proper below the Lower Falls, weave a spell that is not broken until the porters at the Cañon Hotel begin to remove the baggage from the foot of the big coach and realization comes that here, in this wilderness, with the wonders of the world only a few steps away, is a public house whose magnificence must contend with Nature's attractions in claiming the attention of the coming guest.



MUD GEYSER



This hotel is reached an hour before luncheon time. The scheduled ride will not be continued to-day, for the traveler will desire to take advantage of the numerous short trips to places of interest like Inspiration Point, Artist Point and Mt. Washburn. The hotel is a revelation, and the temptation to enjoy its comforts and luxurious surroundings throughout the afternoon, instead of making new expeditions out of doors, is strong.

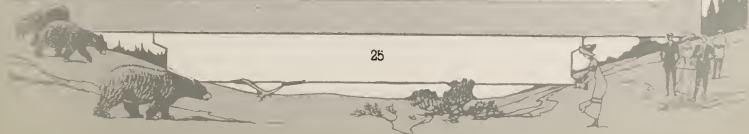
But there is to be a longer stay here than at the other hotels, and the call of the cañon and the Great Falls, which have not yet been seen, is over-strong, and so, after the noonday meal, there is a hurried departure for Artist Point, a drive of about three miles.

The Upper Falls are passed again in making this trip, and the Yellowstone River is crossed by means of a monumental concrete bridge spanning the stream a short distance above the point where the water dashes over the first precipice.

There are occasional glimpses of the cañon as Artist Point is approached, and the Lower Falls, a cataract 360 feet high, are booming as mightily as Niagara.

Still the picture is half hidden by the trees. The road leads up and up, to a place where the driver halts his team, and the travelers alight. There is a short walk to a platform that appears to be firmly suspended over the gorge. This place of vantage is gained. The traveler lifts his head, and his first impulse is to bow it again in reverence and prayer.

One has thought that when one beheld this landscape, which has drawn artists and nature-lovers from





GREAT FALLS

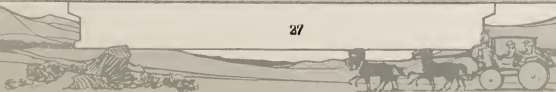
every corner of the world, one's lips would be a fountain of exclamations and adjectives.

But it is no time for words. They will not come. The brain seems numb, for the eyes are so filled with the grandeur of it all that the other senses are deadened.

Sheer walls of gleaming yellow, striped with every shade of brown; smooth surfaces of dainty pinks; great crags of flaming red; color—color—color—from the green crown of the cañon to the river, still white-capped and disturbed, 1,500 feet below, at one end of the radiant picture the falls, with a greater drop than that of Niagara and a beauty that far surpasses; this is the Grand Cañon—the *Grand* Cañon.

From Inspiration Point the cañon takes on new tints and the outlines of the ravine are entirely changed. From Point Lookout, Grand View, and other stations of vantage from which the tourist may view the gorge during the course of a half day's trip, new glories are revealed. Under various atmospheric conditions, aided by the sun or clouds, the rocks and chemicals in the cañon change from time to time, and there are those who have studied it long who say that for few moments in succession does it appear the same.

For those who care to endure the exertion, a climb down long flights of steps to the brink of the Great Falls, or down a well-beaten trail leading to the same place, is well rewarded. Here a platform is built almost close enough to the brink to permit one to place his hand in the water where it tumbles over. Here





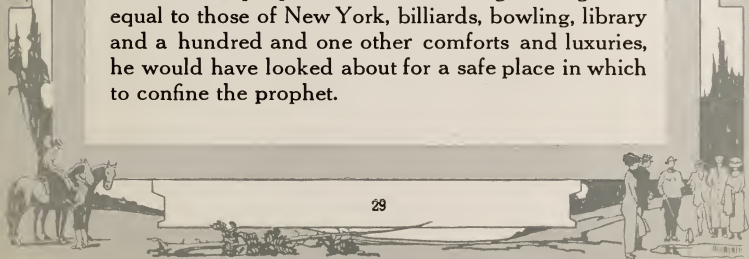
UPPER FALLS

the noise of the cataract is loudest and the tremendous power of that constant flow and fall is feebly realized.

From this point, also, a new idea of the gorge is obtained. Of gazing into its vastness and studying its ever-changing hues one never tires. But there are other days for this sublime pleasure. The spiritual is mastered by the physical. The dinner hour approaches and up on the hill there is a palace where all the arts of cookery are practiced and all the comforts of a city hostelry are found. Having gazed, and worshipped, one *must* retire.

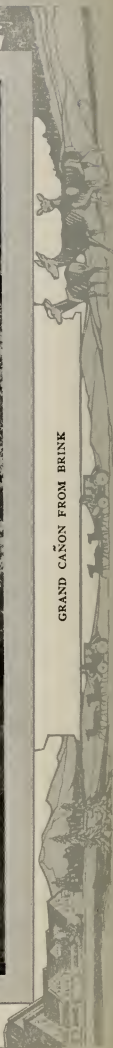
If the Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone is one of the crowning works of Nature, so is the Grand Cañon Hotel, set out here many long miles from railway transportation, one of the crowning works of man. For here, where bear and elk and deer roam at will, where the face of Nature has not been changed by human hands, where the wild noises of the forest are heard at night, has been built one of the magnificent public houses of the world.

Had Gen. Washburn been told, in 1870, when he made known the truth about the Yellowstone, that within forty years there would stand in this park a hotel with elevator service, laundry service, electric-lighting plant, ice-making machine, soap-making machine, lounging room big enough to accommodate a thousand people without crowding, dining room equal to those of New York, billiards, bowling, library and a hundred and one other comforts and luxuries, he would have looked about for a safe place in which to confine the prophet.





GRAND CAÑON FROM BRINK



But these things have come to pass, and the Grand Cañon Hotel, with its superb equipment, is a reality. It is fitting that this human achievement should be here where a greater power has worked so wondrously.

The same master-hand that designed Old Faithful Inn prepared the plans for, and superintended the building of, this greater structure. Each is in its way unique. Each is a tribute to the brain and purpose of an able architect, each a constant credit to the skill and watchfulness of a clever management.

The tourist who takes the five-day trip through the park leaves the cañon with deep regret, after half a day and a night spent there. On the morning of the fourth day the drive to Norris Lunch Station is made.

Arrival at Norris is more than an hour before luncheon time, so the travelers are escorted by a capable guide over the Norris Geyser Basin.

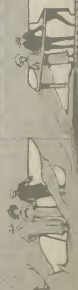
This is an experience that stands out among the memorable incidents of the trip, for the Norris Basin is such a mass of geysers, large and small, the evidence of subterranean disturbances are so marked, and the freaks of Nature so spectacular, that this is the portion of the park which has most interested geologists and other students of science.

A midday meal that is a combination of variety and good cooking is served at Norris, after which the coaches and surreys are loaded for the afternoon drive to Mammoth Hot Springs.

This drive is a constant succession of beauties and



CHRISTMAS TREE PARK

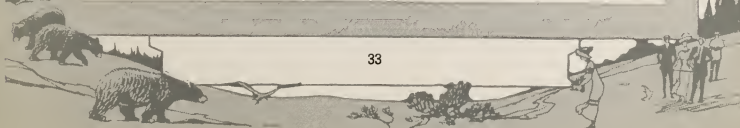


wonders. Among them are Twin Lakes, the waters of one being blue and of the other green; Roaring Mountain, an extinct volcano that has never kept silence since the days of its activity; Apollinaris Spring; the Golden Gate, and, as a climax to the day's sight-seeing, the terraces and pools of the Mammoth Hot Springs, with their remarkable formations and colorings.

At Fort Yellowstone, near Mammoth, the Government's soldiers have their quarters, and the residences of concessionaires and others connected with the park affairs help to make this a lively place during the season—June 15th to September 15th.

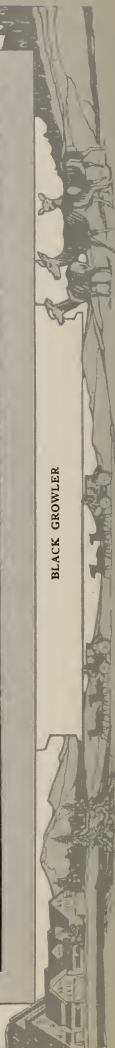
On the fifth day of the tour the drive is made from Mammoth to Yellowstone. Norris is again the noon-day lunch station. In the afternoon the traveler rides through the Gibbon Cañon, along the Gibbon River to Yellowstone, which is reached in ample time for supper and for proper attention to baggage before boarding the Oregon Short Line train for Ogden or Salt Lake City.

The traveler finishes his tour of the great national reserve with real regret. Every waking hour has revealed something new in earth's splendors, something unequalled in any other part of the world. The hours not given to sight-seeing have been marked by real comforts, for the hotels, lunch stations and transportation are revelations, and as satisfying in their way as the wonders of the park are satisfying to the eye and soul.





BLACK GROWLER



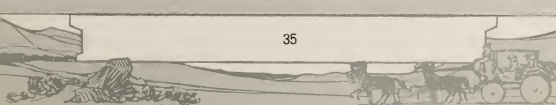
Personally Escorted Tours to Yellowstone National Park, returning through Utah and Colorado, with rates that include all expenses, have been arranged by the Department of Tours of the Chicago, Union Pacific and North Western Line. These popular summer tours are to leave Chicago each Saturday during July and August, 1912, going direct to the park, spending six full days touring the park, and, on the return, spending one day at Salt Lake City, two days at Colorado Springs and one day at Denver, making a fifteen days' trip. Full particulars are contained in the twelfth edition of the Department of Tours' Summer Vacation Tours Publication, which will be forwarded without cost to any address by making request to S. A. Hutchinson, Mgr. Dept. of Tours, C.-U. P. and N. W. Line, 148 S. Clark Street, or 73 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

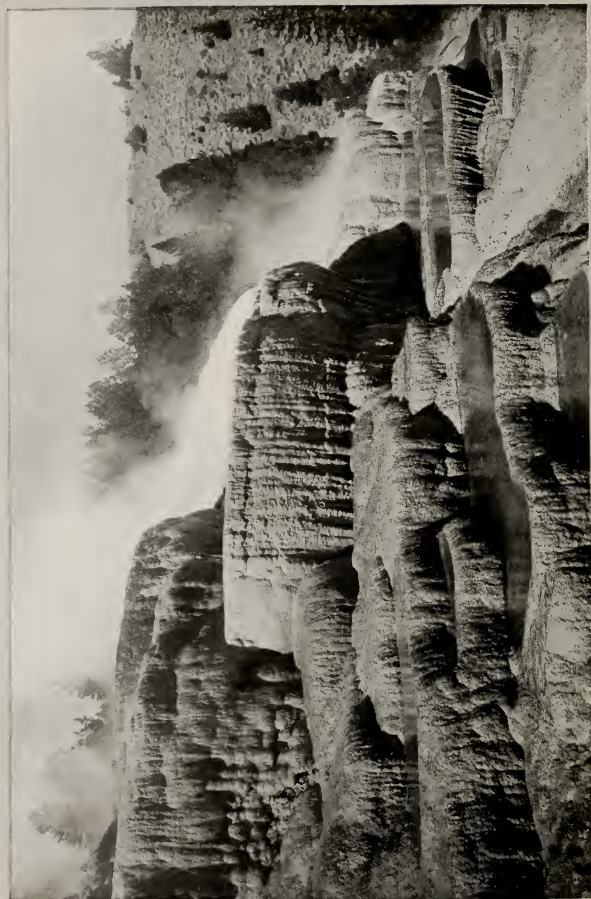
This is the only Department maintained by any western railroad making a specialty of this class of travel on the Personally Escorted, All-Expense Plan.

Private Car Parties may be organized from any point to join the main tour at Chicago or Omaha. Similar tours are also arranged to the Pacific Coast, including all of the principal resorts of interest.

As an ideal Vacation Tour these Special Parties are unsurpassed, as they are an economy both in time and expense, all charges being included in the initial fare, which covers railroad and stage transportation, hotels, sleeping car accommodations, meals en route, etc.

In addition to the first-class stage and hotel tours through the park, there are camping parties, movable and permanent; an occasional tourist walks through, while others make the trip on horseback or bicycles. Many people make up parties, large or small, and go through the park with their own outfits and stay as





CLEOPATRA TERRACE



long as they like. Others take advantage of some of the facilities offered by camping companies.

Persons interested in making a visit to the Yellowstone National Park may obtain further detailed information relative to fares, routes, stop-overs, sleeping car reservations, etc., by addressing any of the Union Pacific Agencies included in the list shown on page 40 of this publication.

TRAIN SERVICE The "Yellowstone Special," in daily service between Salt Lake City and Yellowstone, consists of standard Pullman cars, chair, buffet and baggage cars. Oil-burning locomotives are used through the forest reserves.

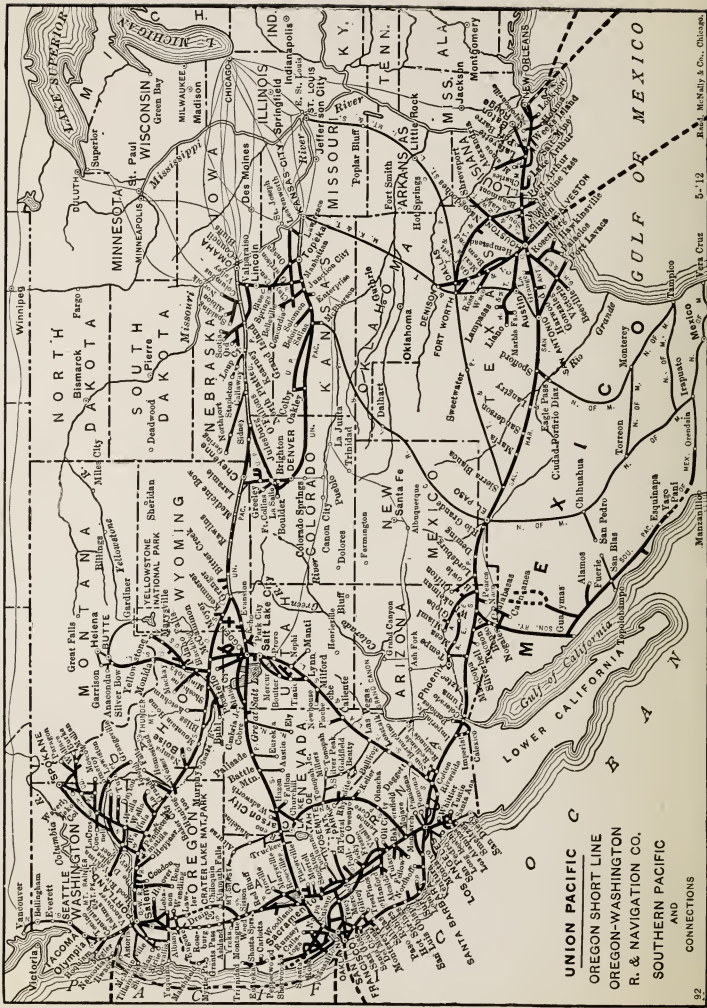
Passengers holding through sleeping car tickets will be furnished with sleeping car stop-over checks at either Salt Lake City, Ogden or Pocatello, upon application to the Pullman conductor. The sleeping car berth fare between Salt Lake City or Ogden and Yellowstone is \$2.00 each way.

TRAIN SCHEDULE—YELLOWSTONE SPECIAL

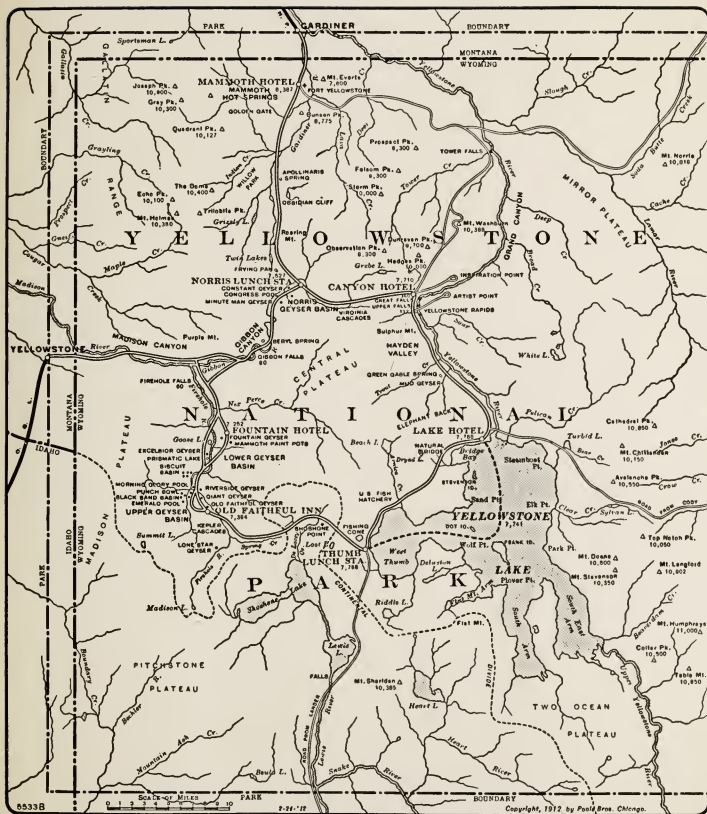
Lv Salt Lake City ..	7.15 p.m.	Lv Yellowstone	7.15 p.m.
Ar Yellowstone	6.45 a.m.	Ar Salt Lake City...	7.40 a.m.

Owing to the attractiveness of Salt Lake City and surroundings to the tourists, it is recommended that Salt Lake City be made the starting point for Park tourists. During the past year several large and handsome hotels have been constructed recently to accommodate the large number of tourists that visit the city during the summer months.

At the Ticket Office of the Union Pacific and Oregon Short Line Railroads, located in the New Utah Hotel Building, Pullman accommodations can be secured as well as Park Hotel and Stage tickets and reservations.



UNION PACIFIC
 OREGON SHORT LINE
 OREGON-WASHINGTON
 R. & NAVIGATION CO.
 SOUTHERN PACIFIC
 AND
 CONNECTIONS



MAP OF YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK

LIST OF AGENTS

ATLANTA, GA.—Candler Bldg., 121 Peachtree Street.....O. P. BARTLETT, General Agent
 BIRMINGHAM, ALA.—1901 First Avenue.....O. P. BARTLETT, General Agent
 BUFFALO, N. Y.—11 E. Swan Street.....F. T. BROOKS, District Freight and Passenger Agent
 BOSTON, MASS.—176 Washington St. W. MASSEY, New England Freight and Passenger Agent
 CHEYENNE, WYO.—Depot.....E. R. BREISCH, Ticket and Freight Agent
 CHICAGO, ILL.—73 W. Jackson Boulevard.....W. G. NEIMYER, General Agent
 226 W. Jackson Boulevard.....S. A. HUTCHINSON, Manager Tours Department
 CINCINNATI, OHIO—53 Fourth Avenue, East.....W. H. CONNOR, General Agent
 CLEVELAND, OHIO—305 Williamson Building.....GEO. B. HILD, General Agent
 COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA—520 W. Broadway.....WM. B. RICHARDS, General Agent
 DENVER, COLO.—935-41 Seventeenth Street...R. S. RUBLE, Assistant General Passenger Agent
 DES MOINES, IOWA—310 W. Fifth Street.....J. W. TURTLE, Traveling Passenger Agent
 DETROIT, MICH.—11 Fort Street, West.....J. C. FERGUSON, General Agent
 HONG KONG, CHINA—Kings Building.

G. H. CORSE, JR.....General Passenger Agent, San Francisco Overland Route
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 MILWAUKEE, WIS.—914 Majestic Building.....L. L. DAVIS, Commercial Agent
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 PORTLAND, ORE.—Third and Washington Streets

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 SPOKANE, WASH.—603 Sprague Avenue

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 Passenger Traffic Manager,

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OMAHA, NEB.

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